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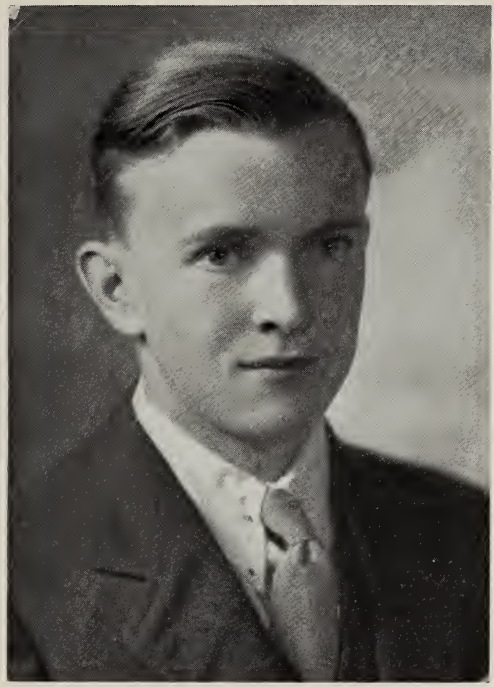

JOHN TURNER

The 1937 edition of the "Chimes" is dedicated to John Turner, whose death in May, 1936, left in the hearts of his schoolmates an empty place which cannot be filled.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Front Row, left to right: Helen Manning, Elizabeth Damon, Esther Spear, Grace Reynolds, Margaret Huntley, Madeleine Bailey.

Second Row: Lucille Frost, Jessie Drake, Elizabeth MacDonald, Mary Cahir, Doris Simmons, Mary Soule, Virginia Young, Mary Sexton.

Third Row: Lawrence Gates, Theodore Vinal, William Sexton, John Driscol, Phillips Weeks, Robert Brand.

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The Editorial Board wishes to thank all those who in any way contributed to the success of this year's edition of the "Chimes." We wish to thank especially those who have contributed literary material, the teachers who have given us invaluable aid, and those who, by subscribing to advertisements, make the "Chimes" possible.

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EDITORIALS

YOUTH MARCHES FORWARD

Grace Reynolds, '37

The month of June is approaching and with it comes graduation. Four years have slipped by so quickly that they seem to have been but four short months. For four years we have played and worked in a circumscribed society. This time has been essentially carefree. All our needs have been provided for by a watchful older generation. The state has provided for our education, and we have had no major decisions to make, no great need to meet. Now, on the threshold of life, we find ourselves on our own. The time has arrived when we must free ourselves from the restraints of childhood. From now on, we may be influenced by our parents and teachers, but we will no longer be controlled by them. We must form opinions for ourselves. One of the characteristics of childhood is to hold certain beliefs just because our parents hold them, but one of the characteristics of manhood and womanhood is to form opinions for ourselves.

The future of America is in our hands. We can make of this country what we will. We hear so many elderly people today expressing the most pessimistic views on the future. They tell us that America is going the red and bloody way of Russia and Spain. They say that war is inevitable. They can do nothing to offset the impending calamities they whine about, but WE CAN. In our ranks are future leaders of the nation, leaders who will control the destiny of the world. If we keep uppermost in us the innate principles of honesty and courage and right, we have nothing to fear for the future of America. But if we lose courage, and with courage, the will to make America what it ought to be, the future indeed will be black and stormy.

So as another June rolls around, with a brave fanfare of trumpets and a waving of bright banners, youth marches forward toward a new and better world.

HOBBIES

Mary Cahir, '37

Making a survey of other people's hobbies is, I think, one of the most engaging pastimes of all. The field is an extensive one, and could be discussed indefinitely. Hobbies are many and varied, differing widely, accord-

ing to the types of people who pursue them. Children, for the most part, have hobbies such as keeping scrap books, reading and playing games; whereas older people have more varied interests—sports, books, stamp-collecting, animals, flowers, birds, or numberless other things.

Upon inquiring about a certain girl's hobby the other day, I was much amazed. It was—increasing her vocabulary! Being quite astounded at this revelation, I pressed this extraordinary individual (at least I regarded her as such) for further enlightenment. She replied that she spent hours at a time over the dictionary, finding all the synonyms and then the antonyms of a certain word. A profitable hobby, don't you think?

Another person that I discovered with an unusual hobby was a soap collector. This enthusiast was a much-traveled person, and found pleasure in collecting one bar of soap from each hotel she visited. Each bar served as a reminder of her stay at that particular place; thus it had a story attached to it.

A third hobby that I regard as unique is that of an amateur artist whom I have interviewed. Her hobby was a diary, but one without any writing! Instead, it was a small notebook filled with sketches. This girl made some little sketch each day of the thing that she regarded as the most important event of the day. For instance, when looking through the diary, I came to a picture of a clown with a few animals and a tent in the background. Have you guessed how she spent that day? I think this is a very clever and original idea; don't you?

A hobby, as well as being an interesting pastime, may be educational, and may develop one's character. Have you one?

MR. CAVANAUGH

Donald Pitkin, '39

There had been a heavy squall that afternoon. So after dinner we all went down to my boat to make sure that it was all right. I kept it down at the pier of the Boston Sand and Gravel Company, a concern which tears up the surrounding hills in bulk and sends them through a stone-crushing machine, later to come out in the form of sand.

We found my boat to be all right, and while we were standing on the dock, entranced by the silent dusk, the stillness was broken by a deep voice saying, "Hello!" I turned around suddenly and beheld the heavy blocklike form of Mr. Cavanaugh, captain of Barge 30.

"Mother and Dad, I should like you to meet Mr. Cavanaugh, who has helped me a lot this summer with my boat."

He offered my father and mother a big sun-burned hand, one which had seen a lot of work. He seemed very glad to see us, and as if he didn't want us to go, started right in talking.

"Lordy, don't mention about helping you with your boat. I'm altogether too glad to help. Heaven knows it's lonesome enough here, and I like someone to talk with."

"I always wanted to know," asked my father, "what happens to these barges when you get caught in a storm."

"Oh, they cast us loose, and all we can do is hope to heavens we will get picked up."

"I should think you would be awfully afraid of a storm," said my mother.

"Oh, no, lady. When you follow the sea, you find there ain't no time to be afraid. Why, many's the time—" We saw there was going to be a story; so we sat down—"when I've been in plenty of tight spots, and it just doesn't pay to be afraid."

"How long have you followed the sea?" I asked.

"I ran away from my home up in Vermont when I was fourteen and came down to Boston, where I shipped as a cabin boy in a clipper ship. Boy! that was a tough ship with a tough crew, the worst I've ever run up against." He spit a thin stream of tobacco out into the water and drew his big rough hand across his mouth. "Yep," he went on hurriedly, fearing that we might go, "nearly every morning when I went on deck to scrub 'em down, I found blood. There was a feud between the first mate and old Dan, the Finn. One day in a storm the mate sent him aloft up the royal mainmast to fix the main sky sail for no reason at all. When Dan reached the top, the first mate spun the wheel around and the ship came into the wind with a whang which threw old Dan off."

"Off! Off where?" asked Mother.

"Off in the sea, Ma'm, and that's right where he is today. That was a dirty, cowardly trick of the mate's, and we swore to revenge old Dan, we did. One day when I and a couple of other fellows were aloft, we dropped a two-hundred pound block on the mate's head. We thought sure it had killed him, but it hadn't. After a week he came to consciousness, but he had a fractured skull and a broken back; he warn't fit for the sea no more."

"Did you ever see him again?"

"Yep, that was what I was coming to. Twenty years later when I was express man at the old Providence Depot, which was where the Statler Hotel is today, I saw him. He was in the station sweeping the floor. He saw me and said, 'Hello, John, I'm awful glad to see you.'

" 'I'm glad to see you, too,' I said. 'Right where you are now, doing a nigger's job, wearing a nigger's cap. It serves you right. You killed a good man, drowned him. You should of died when you were hit with the block, but you didn't. God saved you so you could do a job like this, a nigger's job, and I'm glad of it.'

"He was white with rage and would have like to hit me, but I was in my prime and could have licked him ten times over. He just stared and walked off." There was a long silence. "Then," he said with a little sigh,

"I got this job, about as low as you can get, being your own boss, on one of these scows." He spit again.

"What a story! You've certainly seen a lot in your day, Mr. Cavanaugh."

"Yep, I can say I've seen quite a bit, have been everywhere from New York to Hong Kong. And tomorrow I sail to Boston in this tub."

The mosquitoes were getting pretty bad and affected all of us but Mr. Cavanaugh, whose tough skin they couldn't possibly pierce. There was another long silence.

This was interrupted by Mother's "Well, Don, we really have to go. It's been terribly nice talking with you, Mr. Cavanaugh. I'll bring down a pie or cake for you tomorrow, and some apples for the rest of the bargemen. Good-by."

"Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

As we walked away, his eyes followed us with a longing, desperate look as if he had parted with the best friends on earth. He gave his limp pants a pull. A slight ray of hope swept across his face. "Perhaps I can talk with 'em some more tomorrow when they bring down the pie."

SHOPPING

Mary Schafer, '37

Most women experience difficulty when they go shopping. Their trouble seems, as far as I can discover, to result from two main causes: namely, the vagaries of the feminine mind, and the displays put on by department stores. The common fault of most stores seems to be that they have too many articles on display; they dazzle the eye of the shopper, and distract her attention from her shopping list. I will give you an instance of what I mean.

You enter a large clothing shop, fully determined to buy a green sweater, and search for the woolens department. Finally your eye lights on the display of sweaters on a counter in the corner. There are sweaters—dozens of them—red, blue, yellow, brown, white, purple—every hue of the rainbow; but green, strangely enough, seems to be missing from the color scheme. You vaguely paw through the mass, in a vain effort to locate a few green ones, and spend a second or two wondering what in the world has happened to the girl in charge of the table.

Suddenly a voice at your elbow says, insolently, "Help ya, miss?" and there is the delinquent salesgirl. In a timid voice, you ask for some green sweaters. Disdainfully the girl shifts her gum and hauls two or three boxes from beneath the counter.

"What style—slip-on?"

"Yes, if you don't mind," awed by her scornful competence.

"What size? 36?"

"No, I think a 34 would do, if you don't mind."

"Naw, a 34's too small, you need a 36 *at least*. Here's some pretty ones. They'd look real classy on you."

"No, I don't seem to care for any of those. Have you any others?"

"Nope, that's all we got."

You paw wistfully through the rainbow-colored heap on the counter. Finally you notice a purple one, way at the bottom, with puff sleeves and *darling* buttons; and right away you just know that you've *got* to have it. A glance at your watch tells you that you've only time to get your train; so you grab up the sweater, give the astonished salesgirl a bill, and dash off, hugging the purple sweater to your bosom, satisfied.

. . . . . .

It is only after you get home that you notice that the sweater is purple instead of green, that it is a size too big, and that purple doesn't look good on you, anyway.

OPINIONS

Madeleine Bailey, '37

"I hate war," whispered Mr. Brent to his daughter Pat. This was the last sentence he spoke as the train drew away from the platform. He was a brave man, but, like so many other brave men in 1917, he couldn't see any reason for the horrible slaughter that was involving the whole world.

"I hate war," whispered Bill Lewis to Pat the last time she was with him before he too went "over."

But Pat didn't hate war! She thought it was different and patriotic. She loved the uniforms of the men, and the millions of flags made her tingle all over with love of country. She gayly displayed her "soldier's knitting" (as she called it) and she orated fluently on the glory of war.

She boasted of her father's and her fiance's being with one of the first regiments, and she composed poetry by the reams about the brave men who were fighting. She held parties for the young men who at any time expected to be called to duty. All over her city people were saying, "Let's go to Pat Brent's tonight. She's one of the grandest women of today with her vitality and true patriotism."

. . . . . .

"I hate war," whispered Pat as she stood one night at her window. Her hands were clenched, and her breath came in little gasps. On the floor was a white piece of paper on which was written, "We regret to inform you that Lieutenant William J. Lewis died in action December 7."

Bill!

Wild thoughts whizzed around in Pat's head, and she muttered incoherently. She thought of the wives who were husbandless now. She remembered how she had cheered her girl friends when news of their loved ones had come—how she had cheerfully talked to them, saying that the men had "died for their country and homes." Now she saw everything differently. These men would never be seen again! Bill was gone forever. That frightful white piece of paper was the end. She didn't want to live in this cruel, quarreling world. The one-time beautiful and patriotic thing called war was now a horrible, sanguinary thing that robbed life, love and home!

. . . . . .

Dad was back! The same old dad. He was a colonel now and had a line of shining medals on his uniform. A year ago Pat would have been ah! so proud of those medals, but now—each one sent a sword straight through her heart. She knew those ornaments were given to Brent for brave deeds he had done.

Pat wondered if perhaps one of the enemy had received a shining medal for fighting in the great war—for killing—Bill!

She knew that her father wasn't proud of his medals. He too hated the avarice and greed of the men who started the wars.

That night together as two patriots of America, Colonel and Pat Brent stood, and Pat said, "Oh, Daddy dear, I've been such a little fool. I'm so ashamed to think I could ever have said that war was patriotic. It's not! I hope I may always fight for friendship and peace between people and all nations. Do you think I can do anything about peace, Daddy?"

Mr. Brent smiled, for he saw his daughter glorious in her enthusiasm and determination to see a new calm world, and he visualized her as always striving to bring about love between nations.

JUSTICE—WELL?

THEODORE VINAL, '38

The vivid, blood-red sky seemed to splutter as night closed in quickly —too quickly. Sergeant Peck, astraddle of his sleek motorcycle on the rearing hilltop, gazed at the sky. He loved to see the twilight blue shadows blanket the sundown for its nocturnal rest.

Below him, down the steeply-descending hillside, he heard voices. They seemed nearer than they really were. Their proximity was to be counted in terms of yards rather than feet. His curiosity aroused, Peck listened. One should not consider him an idle eavesdropper, though; for wasn't it his business to uncover strange proceedings?

Harsh, coarse voices in excited conversation always intrigued Sergeant Peck. Leaving his potential Juggernaut, he slyly crept down the hill,

dislodging only an occasional pebble. Vague, shadowy prognostications of myriad dangers were whispered to him by the softly sighing wind.

Gently easing himself to the ground where he could peer around a spreading bush, he saw the mysterious camp!

A tall, bearded man was vigorously cleaning an antiquated oil stove. There seemed to be two other villians around somewhere, for Peck could clearly hear their voices. The topic under discussion was the armed robbery of some bank. Peck cautiously drew his blue-black revolver and crept forward with bated breath.

Suddenly there was a loud pistol shot, and a new voice cut in: "And now, folks, we regret that the Crime Club's time is up and we have to leave you until tomorrow. Again let me urge you to try Bigheart Dog Food for your dog's smile of health!"

There was a sharp, final click as the bearded man shut off the small, compact radio that lay beside him. Sergeant Peck, disgruntled and disillusioned, wearily crept back through the prickling thorns, the tearing bushes, and the sinuous creepers and vines.

"There ain't no justice," muttered Peck to himself, as he clashed the motorcycle into gear and roared away into the dank blackness.

DAY AND NIGHT

Elizabeth Damon, '37

The eastern sky is colored with the rosy hues of dawn,
And soon the sun will raise his head to tell us it is morn.
Slowly the sunbeams light the sky,—and, as I pass,
I see them shining in the dewdrops on the grass.

Now, it is noon, and from the sky the glaring rays shine down.
They fall on crowded city streets, on villages, and towns.
The air is still. It hangs above us like a pall,
And from the forest glades the birds no longer call.

In the west the sun begins to sink at close of day,
And soon we shall be seeing its last, bright, crimson ray.
The air cools, as twilight settles gently o'er the land,
And little children now are on their way to slumberland.

One by one the stars appear like tiny points of light;
To the people here on earth, they tell the approach of night.
Majestically across the sky, the full moon proudly sails.
Again it will sink in the west, and another day we'll hail.

THEY DO REPENT

Sherman Gates, '40

"The jury has found the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree. I hereby sentence you, the defendant, to die in the electric chair March 8, 1937. May God have mercy on thy soul." A silence, a murmur, and a sigh, but no words as a solemn, repentant figure leaves a dismal courtroom.

The last hour is approaching. At last his fantastic vision of death is turned to reality. Regretful thoughts and tormenting reminiscences are reflected vividly upon his troubled countenance. Was this punishment by death a correction for one moment of heedless frenzy or a penalty for faulty upbringing?

Now the long walk into the dirty-walled room, lonely and isolated, except for a giant armchair from which eternal rest emanates. The electrodes are adjusted. The switch is turned on.

Now he lies limp; he speaks no words; he thinks no thoughts; and he breathes no life. His body is gone with life and its possibilities. Was society compensated for the loss it had suffered?

That old idea relating to an eye for an eye might only be termed as a barbaric procedure. Is anything gained by such a procedure? Could it be satisfaction or content?

Should our courts have the power to execute? Is life so valueless that we can afford to end it? The courts have taken it upon themselves to rule the destiny of man. The words of God are, "Thou shall not kill." God is the only rightful prosecutor and he alone is the supreme governor of life and death.

Some of us may say there is no cure for the hardened criminal. But this hardened character by patient and resourceful guidance may be melted and remoulded into new forms and patterns. In the prisons of the United States, our prisoners receive kind treatment and training. They participate in sports and enjoy other home and educational assistance. Many of our prisoners have been found to be a help rather than a hindrance in our prisons for many have written excellent stories and possess other wonderful talents. Many have rendered the deepest service to mankind by giving their lives to medicine and science.

Shouldn't a man who has been deprived of education and moral training receive these in a public institution rather than in a vast unknown? Should we continue to show such extravagance with human life?

Those in the courts do make mistakes and the error of executing an innocent man can never be retrieved by anyone; his family and friends are forever deprived of his companionship. Life imprisonment could stave off such a fatal miscalculation. The inequity of the present system is plainly apparent.

We shall never reach the height of civilization until we can fully estimate the value of a human life.

CITY PARKING

Margaret Soule, '37

Have you ever tried to find a place to park a car in Boston somewhere near your desired destination? If you haven't, you ought to try it about four o'clock some afternoon.

A short while ago I went in town with my father and it took us fully twenty minutes to find a piece of curbing slightly less than twenty feet long. It may sound queer that this should be so hard to find, but we don't like to leave our car next to a red or yellow curb.

We drove slowly past our destination, hoping against hope there would be a space near it, but there wasn't. We moved on, both keeping our eyes wide open.

"Oh! There is a place," I said; but when we got nearer, I saw a sign that said "No Parking from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.", and, as it was only 4 o'clock, we rode on.

A little farther along there was a space about forty feet long, but there was also a sign that said "Taxi Stand—Two Cabs." We didn't consider ourselves in the taxi class—at least our car isn't checkered, even if it does do a great deal of taxiing.

As we crept along, I noticed that we were going down Beacon Street, and there were over a dozen buses parked here with "Special" on the fronts of them. I learned that there was some kind of a labor dispute going on and people from Taunton were consulting or maybe insulting the Governor.

"Look! Isn't that a space?" asked my father; but when we reached it, we saw an innocent-looking hydrant nestling on the curb.

"There is a car that is going out," I said; but it was a woman driver, and she decided to stay put. As it is a woman's privilege to change her mind, we could say nothing.

"That car is going out, and this time it's a man," said my father; but the car ahead of us had seen it too, so we had to keep going.

By this time we were beginning to get discouraged, especially when we saw one car occupying a space large enough for two cars, but we finally found a space with no paint on it, no signs near it, and no hydrant. Now we had to walk over half a mile to accomplish a very simple errand. When we at last reached our destination, we saw a place directly in front of the store we were going to. Although it was difficult, we managed to grin and bear it.

The only thing I can suggest is—when you want to park in Boston, offer a prayer first, and then keep your eyes peeled.

SPRING

Nancy Wordell, '39

I think spring is the loveliest time of the year. Everything wakes up and all the world seems to sing a refrain. The lawns, so long a withered brown, begin to take on a fresh green look; the baby buds swell and swell until one day they burst, or slowly unfold, according to their nature, into sweet, dainty, green leaves. The pussywillows open in the marshes, and crocuses and daffodils glow in rainbow array; and when a gentle April rain splatters down and the sun shines through, we see the never-equalled phenomenon of the real rainbow. Then the rain stops and the sun glows like a fiery ball until the tiny rain-drops on grass and leaves catch the beams and make the whole world sparkle with millions of nature's diamonds and the air fills with the earthy smell of growing things.

Glorious Spring spreads a carpet of buttercups and daisies over the fields and brings romance, in all its beauty, to the world. The birds begin to come back; you thrill to your "First Robin of Spring," and you wistfully watch him as he flies away. Perhaps you can hear the birds calling back and forth for their mates; and if you look closely, you may see them weaving the most exquisite homes on earth.

If you live in the country, you watch the fields being sown and the soft green tips coming up to make the whole country-side a vast checkerboard of varying greens. If you live by the ocean, you watch it change from the dark sullenness of winter to the deep, laughing blue of spring. The sand seems to vibrate with new life, and every rock seems to glisten with some magic brilliance. Even if you live in the city, you can see and feel unmistakable signs of spring. The lowly grass, bravely pushing its way up through the cracked pavement, heralds the spring; the trees in the park and the bright beds of tulips sing their ode to spring. The small children riding in the swan-boats on the pond, the pigeons and squirrels, all contribute their part to the festivities.

Spring is the time when young and old, alike, play and romp and go exploring. Spring is the one time of year when Nature surpasses herself and gives the world the beautiful glamour and true sense of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," the sense of love.

* * * *

A Sensitive Soul

Sexton and Appleton were seated in a crowded trolley. The latter, noticing that Sexton had his eyes closed, said: "Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm all right," said Sexton, "but I do hate to see ladies standing."

* * * *

Mr. Atkinson: "What is a racketeer?"

Susy Hill: "I suppose it's one of those tennis professionals."

POWER DIVE

Bernard MacKenzie, '39

Bob Spencer, test pilot for the United States Army, stepped out of the administration building at Roosevelt Field, New York. He strode up to Hangar Seven where mechanics were busy wheeling out a trim low-wing fighting plane.

A dignified-looking gentleman, dressed in a brown suit and slouch hat, stepped out to meet him. The man was Alexander P. De Seversky, president of the Seversky Aircraft Corporation, and designer of the sleek ship that Bob was to test that day.

Bob had been testing this plane for a week and today he was going to put it through the last stages of the tests, the power dive.

"Good morning, Mr. Seversky," chirped Bob.

"I hope it is going to be a good morning for my plane, Spencer," replied Seversky.

"I'm sure it will," said Bob.

Spencer's job on this last test was to try to tear the wings off the plane in a terrific, steep power dive from twelve thousand feet up. The Seversky Pursuit that Bob was going to pilot was already considered the fastest military plane in the world, and if it stood this test the Army would grant a contract for seventy-one of these planes to the Seversky Aircraft Corporation.

Seversky held Bob's hand in a manly grip that hurt and said, "Okay, son, everything's ready. Good luck!"

"Thanks," Bob replied; he turned and strode out onto the tarmac where his ship was warming up.

The long slanting rays of the morning sun dazzled Bob as they were reflected off the silver wings of the sleek fighter.

He slid back the sliding hatch and climbed in. After waving to a few of the Army pilots that were gathered around the edge of the field, he closed the sliding hatch. He released the wheel brakes and taxied around into the wind. Gathering speed rapidly, soon he was off the ground and going up in wide spirals. In a few minutes he was just a speck in the sky, to the little crowd below.

Up, up he went into the crisp blue air of the New York sky. He went up until his altimeter read twelve thousand feet; then he flattened the ship out and prepared for his speedy descent.

He took a deep gulp of delicious air, then slammed the stick forward and opened wide his throttle. The ship responded to the controls instantly, whipped over on its nose, and roared downward. He watched the air speed indicator climb—"one hundred," "one hundred fifty," "two hundred."

Bob was yelling aloud now, as all pilots have to do when they are in steep power dives, to relieve the air pressure on their ears and chest. "Three hundred," "three-fifty," "three-seventy." If the wings were going to come

off, they would at the bottom of the dive when he pulled out. Bob also knew that if he pulled out of a dive too fast it would snap his neck; so he must remember to pull out easily and gradually.

The flying wires screamed shrilly above the roar of his one-thousand horse-power Wright Cyclone. The prop was a white blur in front of his windshield. Below it he could see the ground come into sight extremely fast. Black dots and blurry patches turned out to be buildings and fields, and right below him he could make out the airport.

He held on with all his might to the joystick and yelled louder and louder because the pressure on his ears was terrific.

He was watching his altimeter closely; it read one thousand feet. The earth was rushing up to meet him. He counted three and tugged the stick back slowly. The ship was responding. Blood burst from his nose and ears with the great pressure, but instinctively he kept pulling the stick back. He reached over to the instrument board and shut the throttle down to landing speed. When Bob pulled out, he was about one hundred feet from the ground. He zoomed to lose speed and then coasted in for a landing amid the cheers of his friends.

They ran over to the plane and helped him out. One man wiped the blood off his face with a handkerchief; it was the man in the brown suit with the slouch hat.

There was a triumphant smile on his face and Bob knew that the test was a success.

"I owe it all to you, Spencer," said Seversky.

"No, you don't," Bob replied. "You owe it all to your plane; I couldn't get those wings off."

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

MARGARET HUNTLEY

This year certainly will be a memorable one in the lives of the Senior Class.

We have one new member this year, Lillias Moore, who came from Reading, Massachusetts.

During the second week of school the following officers were elected: Lawrence Gates, President; Robert Chessia, Vice President; Esther Spear, Secretary; and Grace Reynolds, Treasurer. Miss Dudley was chosen as our class adviser.

On November 11, Grace Reynolds was awarded a medal from the American Legion, for an original composition on "Why We Observe Armistice Day."

Grace Reynolds was elected by the class as a candidate for the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

On November 14, the class gave a Sport Dance. The general committee consisted of the four class officers, and James Steverman, Lois Holland and Virginia Young. The dance was not a money-making proposition, and it was open only to the members of the Junior and Senior High Schools. Everyone who attended had a good time.

Lawrence Gates and James Steverman were named by the Brockton Tournament as members of their All-Star Basketball Team.

The following members of the Senior Class were in the semi-finals of the Prize Speaking Contest: Virginia Young, Grace Reynolds, Margaret Soule, Madeleine Bailey, and Mary Schafer. Lawrence Gates, our president, also took part in this contest.

Doris Simmons represented the Scituate High School at the American Legion Oratorical Contest. She composed and delivered an essay on "The Origin of the Constitution."

Plans for graduation are now under way. We, as Seniors, hope to make a very successful ending of the four happy years we have spent here.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Helen Manning

The following were elected as class officers: President, Arthur Damon; Vice President, Arthur MacAlpine; Secretary, Margaret Crowley; Treasurer, Atherton Hewitt; Class Adviser, Mr. Stewart.

We are glad to welcome the following new members: Lucille Frost from Girls' Latin School in Boston; Atherton Hewitt from Canton High; Gertrude Joneleit from Brighton High; and Howard Joyce from Newton High School.

The Junior Prom was scheduled for May 7.

A movie for the benefit of the Junior Class was a great success and we wish to thank everyone who helped make it so. A contest was held for the sale of tickets. For every ten tickets sold, a free one was given. Virginia Nary was the winner, having sold 32 tickets.

Arthur MacAlpine won first prize at last year's Marshfield Fair, with his unusually fine collection of butterflies.

Louise Chessia won two tickets to the Costume Dance sponsored by the Public Nursing Service, in a contest for the best poster. The judges were Mr. Calkin, Miss Dudley, and Miss Colburn.

Arthur MacAlpine was the winner of a speedboat race in Maine last summer. He now has a large collection of trophies which he has won. He has bought a new craft for this coming season and will name it "Bearsie the Second."

It has been heard that William "Coddy" Sexton has been selling some of his famous cartoons. We all wish him success.

Marilyn Logan, Dorothy Hardcastle, Joan Breen, Edward Nichols, Nelson Kindlund and John Driscoll participated in the semi-finals of the Public Speaking Contest.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Phillips Weeks

Soon after coming back to school in the fall, we elected our class officers. This year they were as follows: President, Joseph Driscoll; Vice President, Angelo Foniri; Secretary, Nancy Wade; Treasurer, James Anderson, and Class Adviser, Mr. Atkinson.

Early in the fall Edward Meany left and enrolled as a student in Roxbury Latin School. Eddie was well-liked and he left many friends here in school.

The only newcomer to our class this year was Nancy Wordell, who came from Brookline.

The following students have had their names regularly on the honor roll: David Colman, Priscilla Damon, Jessie Drake, Walter Spear, Nancy Wade, and Phillips Weeks.

In the recent oratorical contest, the following reached the semi-finals: James Anderson, Robert Brand, Alberta Cerilli, Priscilla Damon, Jean Francis, Paul Harrigan, and Phillips Weeks.

Jessie Drake won first prize in the Freshman-Sophomore group for her essay on "Why We Observe Armistice Day."

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Mary Soule

The freshman class elected the following officers at their first class meeting in October, 1936: President, Sherman Gates; Vice President, Arnold Hewett; Secretary, Helen Poland; Treasurer, Jean Hendrickson; and Class Adviser, Mr. Sandberg.

The members of the class who have been on the honor roll this year are as follows:

September and October: Fred Franzen, Sherman Gates, Hope Gurney, Helen Poland, Cornelia Weeks.

November and December: High Honors, Helen Poland; Honors, Sherman Gates, Hope Gurney, Fred Franzen, Cornelia Weeks, Jane Crowley.

January and February: High Honors, Helen Poland; Honors, Jean Cole, Jane Crowley, Fred Franzen, Sherman Gates, Hope Gurney, Jean Hendrickson, Arnold Hewett.

The class as a whole has been active in sports. Sherman Gates and Ernest Dorr received football letters. Many girls went out for interclass

basketball. The members of the winning team were as follows: Forwards, Captain Jane Crowley, Suzanne Hill, Patricia Barbuto; Guards, Jean Hendrickson, Rachel Merritt, and Polly Soule. The girls defeated the Junior High team, 12-11. They tied with the sophomores, 12-12, and won the game with the juniors, 13-8.

A number of girls went out for field hockey. The second team was made up mostly of freshmen.

Four freshmen, Jean Cole, Sherman Gates, Jean Kindlund, and Polly Soule, were in the semi finals of the Prize Speaking Contest.

THE FATED "GOLDEN STRAND"

Barbara Graham, '38

The waves were pounding on the rocks,
The surf was flying high,
And seagulls on the wings of wind
Gracefully drifted by.

The *Golden Strand* was sailing slow,
On the quickly ebbing tide,
The billows tossed her wide and high,
Trying to humble her pride.

The ship sunk deep beneath the waves,
And still the story's told
How the crew of twenty men were saved,
But beneath those waves lies gold.

Men have dived beneath those waves,
And along the rocky land,
But only memories remain
Of the treasure of the *Golden Strand.*

COMMERCIAL AWARDS

The members of the Scituate High School commercial department, under the teaching of Miss Ruth Hawkes, have won many certificates in both shorthand and typewriting. In the Senior class, the Gregg Publishing Company has awarded pins or certificates to the following people for the various tests:

Junior Order of Gregg Artists: Marion Amsden, Elizabeth Damon, Pauline Fitts, Lillian Jackman, Lillias Moore, Mary Schafer, and Virginia Young.

Senior Order of Gregg Artists: Mary Cahir, Helen Chicko, Elizabeth Damon, Pauline Fitts, Lois Holland, Lillian Jackman, Mary Schafer, Esther Spear, Louise Sylvester, Virginia Young, and Marion Amsden.

Complete Theory Test: Mary Cahir, Virginia Young.

60-word Transcription Test: Pauline Fitts, Helen Chicko, Louise Sylvester, Lillian Jackman, Mary Cahir, Elizabeth Damon, Lois Holland, Mary Schafer, Esther Spear, and Virginia Young.

80-word Transcription Test: Mary Cahir, Elizabeth Damon, Mary Schafer, Virginia Young, Helen Chicko, Lois Holland, and Esther Spear.

Junior Order of Artistic Typists: Helen Chicko, Esther Spear, Lillian Jackman, Lois Holland, Louise Pickett, Mary Schafer, Mary Cahir, Elizabeth Damon, Louise Sylvester, Virginia Young, and Pauline Fitts.

Senior Order of Artistic Typists: Lillias Moore, Elizabeth Damon, Lois Holland, Mary Schafer, Louise Sylvester, Esther Spear, and Helen Chicko.

30-Word Competent Typist Test: Mary Cahir, Lillian Jackman, Louise Pickett, Helen Chicko, Elizabeth Damon, Pauline Fitts, Lois Holland, Mary Schafer, Esther Spear, Virginia Young, and Louise Sylvester.

40-Word Competent Typist Test: Helen Chicko, Lois Holland, Elizabeth Damon, Mary Schafer, Pauline Fitts, Lillian Jackman, Louise Sylvester, Esther Spear, and Virginia Young.

50-Word Competent Typist Test: Lillias Moore.

Members of the Junior Class who have received certificates are as follows:

Junior Order of Gregg Artists: Lillian Chandler, Louise Chessia, Betty Franzen, Gertrude Joneleit, Betty MacDonald, Helen Manning, Eleanor Secor, Marie Wilder, and Virginia O'Neil.

Junior Order of Artistic Typists: Lucille Frost, Harold Graham, Gertrude Joneleit, Pauline Shone, Betty MacDonald, and Eleanor Secor.

Lois Holland of the Senior Class received a Special Club Prize Pin for the Order of Gregg Artists, and Esther Spear and Lois Holland received Honorable Mention Pins for the Annual Gregg Shorthand Contest.

NEW TEACHERS

We are glad to welcome to the faculty of Scituate High School two new teachers, Miss Ruth Hawkes of the Commercial Department, and Miss Esther Harrington of the Foreign Language Department. Miss Hawkes replaces Miss Elizabeth Belkus, and Miss Harrington is succeeding Miss Nancy Fisk. We hope they will remain with us for a good many more years.

Of Course!

Dumb Hunter: "How do you detect an elephant?"

Guide: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

ENTERTAINMENTS

During the year 1936-1937 we were exceptionally fortunate in having many entertaining assemblies on Wednesday mornings. The programs were made possible by the one-act play contest held in the fall, the proceeds of which went to the assembly fund.

On Wednesday, October 7, a tercentenary program was held. Mrs. Frank L. Nason, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who wrote the pageants for the tercentenary observances this summer, spoke on the "History of Scituate."

November 10 an Armistice Day assembly, conducted by members of the Satuit Post of the American Legion, was held. At this assembly the winners of the Armistice Day essay contest, sponsored by the American Legion, were presented with medals, and their essays were read.

The members of the Parent-Teacher Association were guests at our Christmas program held the afternoon of December 22. The Junior High presented a Christmas pageant even more beautiful than that of last year, and the Senior High presented a short play, "Why the Chimes Rang."

For years John S. Hines has delighted the pupils of Scituate High with his plays, and his presentation of "If I Were King," January 13, was as clever and amusing as ever.

On January 20 Mr. Talbot of the Audubon Society gave a very interesting talk on conserving natural resources. He spoke also of the fast disappearance of the birds and wild life of the country and condemned wasteful and useless killing.

The Olympian Male Quartet from the College of Music at Boston University gave a musical program February 10. They sang negro spirituals, sea chanteys and old time songs, and so delighted the audience that they were called back for several encores.

On March 24 Mr. Ralph Ford of Kingston gave a most interesting talk on Indian relics. He illustrated his lecture with samples of relics found along the South Shore.

All the year we had been hoping for a magician's program and on March 31 our hopes were realized. Mr. Mal Cameron mystified us for an hour with tricks that defied understanding. He was assisted in a few tricks by members of the student body, called from the audience.

A moving picture screen was installed in the fall and many pictures were shown during the year. Among these were three reels of graphic World War films, a sound film on snow trains and a baseball picture, "Heads Up Baseball," with Mr. George Moriarty, American League umpire.

We are all grateful to Mr. Calkin for arranging these assemblies which broke up the monotony of the school week and gave us something to look forward to on Wednesdays.

BAILEY, MADELEINE

Literary Editor of "Chimes" 4, Assistant Literary Editor 3, Glee Club 2-3-4, Interclass Basketball 1-4, Dramatics 2, Interclass Field Hockey 3, Property Manager Class Play 4.
Rather studious and serious, Madeleine is the literary member of our class. But she excels in all other subjects as well as in English, and we predict that she will go far in life.

CAHIR, MARY

Glee Club 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2, Varsity Basketball 4, Exchange Editor of "Chimes" 4, Dramatics 2, Property Manager Class Play 4.
Mary is quiet, but always "on the spot" when needed. Judging from the high marks she receives in shorthand and typewriting, she will be that rare anomaly, the perfect secretary.

CHESSIA, ROBERT

Class Vice President 4, Glee Club 2, Orchestra 1-2, Football 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Stage Manager Class Play 4.
Mathematician par excellence, class officer, football player,—Bobby has succeeded in every kind of activity during high school, and we predict that he will succeed as well in his chosen vocation.

CHICKO, HELEN

Glee Club 1-2, Interclass Basketball 2-4.
Helen combines good looks with good sense. She is in a fair way to make us all proud of her.

DAMON, ELIZABETH

Field Hockey 3-4, Interclass Field Hockey 3, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Basketball Manager 4, Assistant Business Manager "Chimes" 4, Tennis 2-3-4, Dramatics 2.
"Libby" seems to excel at managing things—the basketball team and the ads for the "Chimes" especially. And she also manages to manage her studies so well that she is almost always on the honor roll.

ELKIND, VINCENT

Transferred from Belmont High, Tennis 4, Class Play 4.
Whenever Mr. Gillespie wants a complicated math. problem solved, he calls on his right-hand man, Vinny. In the Senior Class play, he proved that he is as good an actor as he is a mathematician.

EWELL, THOMAS N.

Glee Club 1, Basketball Manager 4, Assistant Manager Basketball 3, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Interclass Football 3.
Tommy does a good job at keeping the class laughing. Everyone likes him for his happy disposition.

FITTS, POLLY

Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Interclass Hockey 3, Dramatics 2.
"Polly" is the life of the commercial class. She keeps everyone on the go, but manages to excel in typewriting and shorthand.

GATES, LAWRENCE

Class President 4, Glee Club 1-2, Baseball 3-4, Football 3-4, Basketball 4, Dramatics 2, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Senior Class Play 4, Athletic Editor of "Chimes" 4, Co-Captain of Baseball 4.
The class of 1937 chose an able president in "Chick" Gates. He has handled the affairs of the class as ably as he handles himself on the football and baseball field and the basketball floor. He is a born leader and is sure to succeed in life.

HANDS, HERBERT

Class Vice President 3, Football 3-4, Dramatics 2, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3.
"Bert" has distinguished himself by his prowess on the football and baseball field. We all like him because he is so good-natured and such a good sport.

HOLLAND, LOIS

Class Play 4, Class Editor of "Chimes" 3, Orchestra 1-2-3-4, Interclass Basketball 4.
Lois is a pretty girl with plenty of brains. She is well on the way to success in the commercial field.

HUNTLEY, MARGARET

Glee Club 1-3, Assistant Hockey Manager 3, Hockey Manager 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Class Editor of "Chimes" 4, Dramatics 2, Interclass Hockey 3.
"Miggie" is the personification of good nature. When she is around, you just can't help having a good time.

JACKMAN, LILLIAN

Dramatics 2, Interclass Basketball 2.
Lillian is a good sport and takes everything with a grin. She has curly hair and big round eyes which she uses very effectively.

LUMBERT, ALLYN

Dramatics 4.
"Lummy" is Mr. Gillespie's pride and joy. We have yet to find an algebra or physics problem "Lummy" can't solve. He distinguished himself also as an actor in the class play.

MacALPINE, WILLIAM

Class President 1, Class Secretary 2, Football 3, Dramatics 2-4, Tennis 3-4, Orchestra 1-2, Glee Club 2, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Interclass Baseball 1-2-3, Interclass Football 2-3.
"Billy" is one of the best all-round boys in the class. He has succeeded especially as an actor and athlete.

MOORE, LILLIAS

Transferred from Agawam High School, Glee Club 4, Tennis 4.
"Lil" came to us only this year, but it didn't take long for us to get acquainted with her. She is quiet, but so obliging and good-natured you can't help liking her.

PICKETT, LOUISE

Glee Club 1-4, Class Basketball 2.
Louise is very quiet but is liked by all. She excels particularly in the commercial subjects.

QUEENEY, DANIEL J., JR.

Football 4, Football Manager 2-3, Basketball Manager 3.
"Danno" has been voted the best-natured member of the class and he deserves it. We have yet to see him gloomy or mad.

REYNOLDS, GRACE

Class Treasurer 1-2-3-4, Editor-in-chief of "Chimes" 4, Assistant editor of "Chimes" 3, Dramatics 2-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2.
Grace handles our money affairs extremely well and her studies too. We shouldn't be surprised if she was running a newspaper before long.

SCHAFER, MARY

Glee Club 1-2, Business Manager of Class Play 4.
Mary is the girl who gets all A's on her report card. She excels in history and English, and you should hear her talk French!

SIMMONS, DORIS

Glee Club 3-4, Orchestra 3-4, Art Editor of "Chimes" 4, Basketball 4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Interclass Hockey 2-3, Dramatics 2.
Doris is the class songwriter, musician, and artist. The teachers will say that she is also the class cut-up, but she can have her serious moments, too.

SORENSEN, THEODORE

Glee Club 1-2-3, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3, Interclass Football 2-3, Football 3-4, Baseball 2, Tennis 4, Interclass Baseball 1-2-3.
"Bud" with his pal, Jimmy, is always laughing and cutting up. You can't help liking anyone with such a sense of humor as he has.

SOULE, MARGARET

Class Secretary 3, Basketball 1-2-3-4, Hockey 3-4, Tennis 2-3-4, Exchange Editor of "Chimes" 3, Dramatics 2-4.
"Peggy" is one of the star athletes of the class. In the class play she proved her ability as an actress, also. She wants to be a banker, and we predict that she will be a successful one.

SPEAR, ESTHER

Class Secretary 4, Tennis 2-3-4, Interclass Basketball 1-2-3-4, Assistant Business Manager of "Chimes" 3, Business Manager of "Chimes" 4, Dramatics 2.
Esther is one of Miss Hawkes' expert typists and stenographers. She proved her worth as an ad-getter as business manager of the "Chimes."

SPEAR, MARION

Interclass Basketball 2-3.
The school cafeteria couldn't get along without Marion. She is always ready to do a favor for anyone.

STEVERMAN, JAMES

Basketball 2-3-4, Dramatics 2, Class Editor of "Chimes" 2.
"Jimmy" is the class wit. About the only time he is serious is on the basketball floor.

SYLVESTER, LOUISE

Glee Club 1, Dramatics 2.
Louise believes that "silence is golden." She wants to be a secretary, but judging from the marks she received in household arts, she will make a good housewife.

VARNEY, FENTON

Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Basketball 2-3, Track 2, Tennis 2-3-4.
"Fent" is one of the class Romeos. He's been voted the best dressed and best looking boy of the class.

WALSH, HUGH

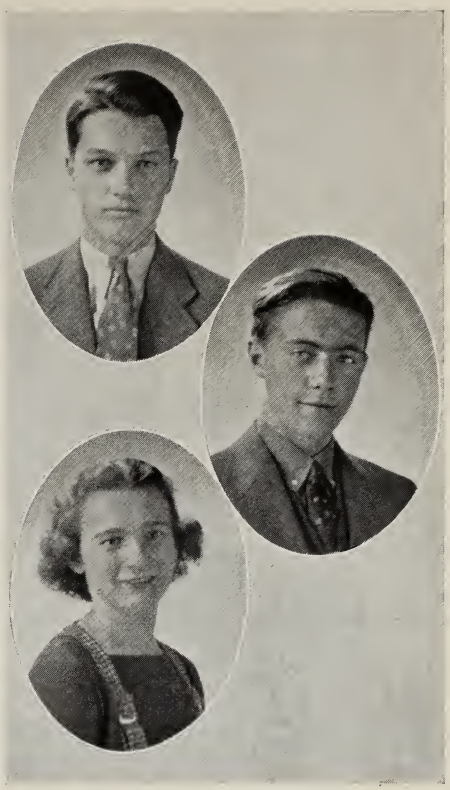
President of A. A. 4, Football 2-3-4, Dramatics 3-4, Athletic Editor of "Chimes" 3, Captain of Football 4.
Hugh captained the football team through a succesful season this fall. We didn't suspect his ability as an actor until the Senior Class play.

WHITE, JOHN

Glee Club 2, Football 3-4, Basketball 2-3-4, Baseball 2-3-4, Dramatics 2.
"Whitey" is a star on the basketball floor and football field. Mr. Stewart can't seem to get along without him.

YOUNG, VIRGINIA

Class Secretary 1, Class President 2, Secretary of A. A. 1, Vice President of A. A. 2, Field Hockey 1-2-3-4, Basketball 1-2-3-4, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Tennis 1-2-3-4, Dramatics 2-4, Glee Club 1, Athletic Editor of "Chimes" 4, Joke Editor of "Chimes" 2, Captain of Hockey 4, Captain of Basketball 4.
"Ginny" is the most versatile girl in the class. She was captain of the hockey and basketball teams this year.
She also had the honor of being voted the most popular girl in the class and she deserves it.



SUPERLATIVELY SPEAKING

CLASS OF 1937

Best all-round girl—Virginia Young
Best all-round boy—Lawrence Gates
Most talented—Doris Simmons
Most studious—Mary Schafer
Most likely to succeed—Allyn Lumbert
Most popular—Virginia Young
Best-looking girl—Virginia Young
Best-looking boy—Fenton Varney
Best natured—Joseph Queeney
Wittiest—James Steverman
Best dressed—Fenton Varney
Best actor—Hugh Walsh
Best actress—Peggy Soule
Most polite—Grace Reynolds
Most quiet—Louise Pickett
Most talkative—Doris Simmons
Best mathematician—Allyn Lumbert
Most literary—Grace Reynolds

Most versatile athlete (girl)—Virginia Young
Most versatile athlete (boy)—Lawrence Gates
Best sport—(tie) Elizabeth Damon, Helen Chicko, Lawrence Gates
Girl with most personality—Virginia Young
Boy with most personality—Lawrence Gates
Best class in history—CLASS OF '37

Jessie Drake, '39

Scituate High School has taken a large part in the dramatic activity of the town this year, beginning with the Tri-Town Dramatic Contest in November. The contest was followed by a Christmas play which was given at the December meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, and the season was completed with the Senior Class play in April.

As last year, Norwell, Hanover, and Scituate High Schools took part in the one-act play contest. Norwell presented "Neighbors" and Hanover gave "Castles in Spain." Scituate was again awarded the cup for the outstanding performance of the tragedy "Submerged."

The play was coached by Miss Esther Harrington of the faculty. The cast was as follows:

Dunn	Phillips Weeks
Shaw	Nelson Kindlund
Brice	David Colman
MacAndrews	John Driscoll
Nobb	John Queeney
Jorgson	William Sexton

The stage settings were made under the direction of Mrs. Ward, art supervisor, and Mr. Sandberg, teacher of manual arts.

At Christmas the High School produced the play "Why the Chimes Rang," with the following cast:

Bertel	Donald Pitkin
Steen	John Harrigan
Holger	Joseph Driscoll
Old Woman	Madeline Bailey

Members of the Tableau:

Priest	Maurice Bartlett
Angel	Alberta Cerilli
King	Phillips Weeks
Courtier	David Colman

Beautiful Woman ..... Jean Francis
Lovely Young Girl ..... Priscilla Damon
Scholar ..... Atherton Hewett
Wealthy Man ..... Paul Harrigan

The Senior Class play was presented April 9. The play selected this year was "The Late Christopher Bean" by Sidney Howard. The performance was coached by Miss Esther Harrington, and the cast was as follows:

Dr. Haggett ..... Hugh Walsh
Susan Haggett ..... Virginia Young
Abby ..... Grace Reynolds
Mrs. Haggett ..... Margaret Soule
Ada Haggett ..... Lois Holland
Warren Creamer ..... Lawrence Gates
Tallant ..... Allyn Lumbert
Rosen ..... Vincent Elkind
Maxwell Davenport ..... William MacAlpine

The scenery was made under the direction of Mrs. Ward and Mr. Sandberg. Madeleine Bailey and Mary Cahir were property managers; Robert Chessia was stage manager; and Esther Spear and Madeleine Bailey served as prompters. Mary Schafer had charge of the sale of tickets. Pauline Fitts, Elizabeth Damon, Helen Chicko, and Louise Sylvester acted as ushers.

Music for all the performances was furnished by the school orchestra under the direction of Miss Jeanne Bradford.

Not The Tinned Variety

Teacher: "Who can tell me what the former ruler of Russia was called?"

Class (in unison): "Czar."

Teacher: "Correct, and what was his wife called?"

Class: "Czarina."

Teacher: "Correct, and what were the Czar's children called?"

A pause, and then a timid voice piped up: "Czardines."

* * * *

Queer

"Moike, do yez know why an Irishman hits the pepper-box on the bottom an' a Dutchman hits it on the side?"

"Begorra, Pat, Oi don't. Why is it?"

"Shure, an' it's to get the pepper out, Moike."

SPORTS.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

LAWRENCE GATES, '37

FOOTBALL

The 1936 season opened with high hopes for a successful year. But the hope for new-found prestige on the gridiron was not realized until Scituate had lost to both Cohasset and Hanover in hard-fought battles. After these two setbacks, the team was rearranged, and two freshmen were placed in the guard positions. From this point on, Scituate showed some of the football they were capable of, by winning three out of the last four games. These last four games were characterized by some of the finest football any Scituate team has played. In each game the Scituate team scored quickly, either by means of one of MacAlpine's crashing line bucks or by means of the air with one of Foniri's perfect passes. The Scituate team played their last game before their largest crowd, and although they lost, it was a real game from beginning to end.

The future is brightened by the prospect of new material and the return of a number of men who have received real experience in a hard season.

The lettermen were Captain H. Walsh, Manager A. Damon, A. MacAlpine (Captain-elect), R. Chessia, E. Dorr, A. Foniri, L. Gates, S. Gates, H. Joyce, E. Nichols, D. Queeney, W. Sexton, T. Sorenson, J. Vinal, J. White, A. Zollin, H. Hands.

The scores were as follows:

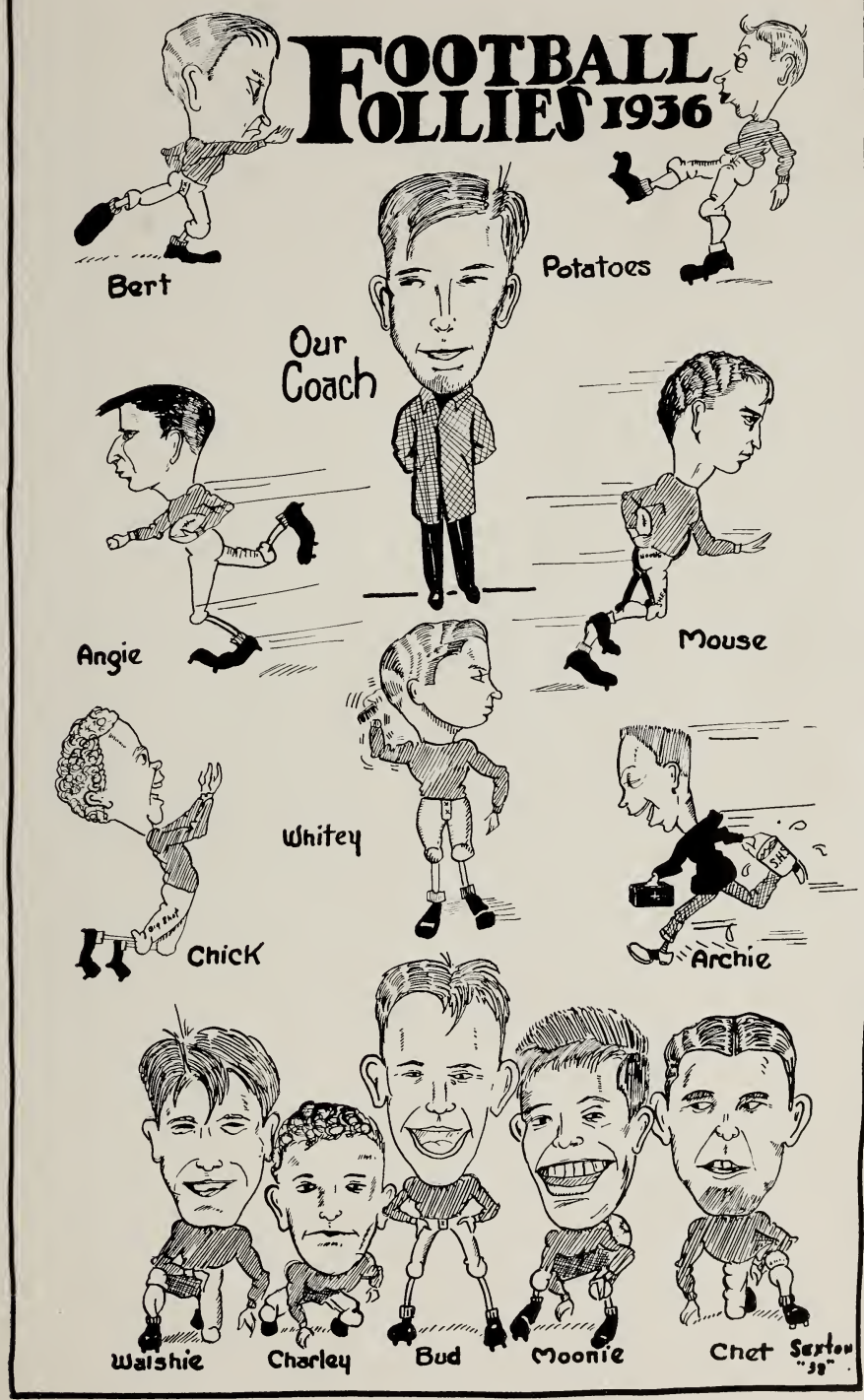
Scituate 6—Cohasset 13	Scituate 12—Foxboro 0
Scituate 0—Hanover 32	Scituate 13—Holbrook 6
Scituate 6—Dighton 0	Scituate 6—Marshfield 12

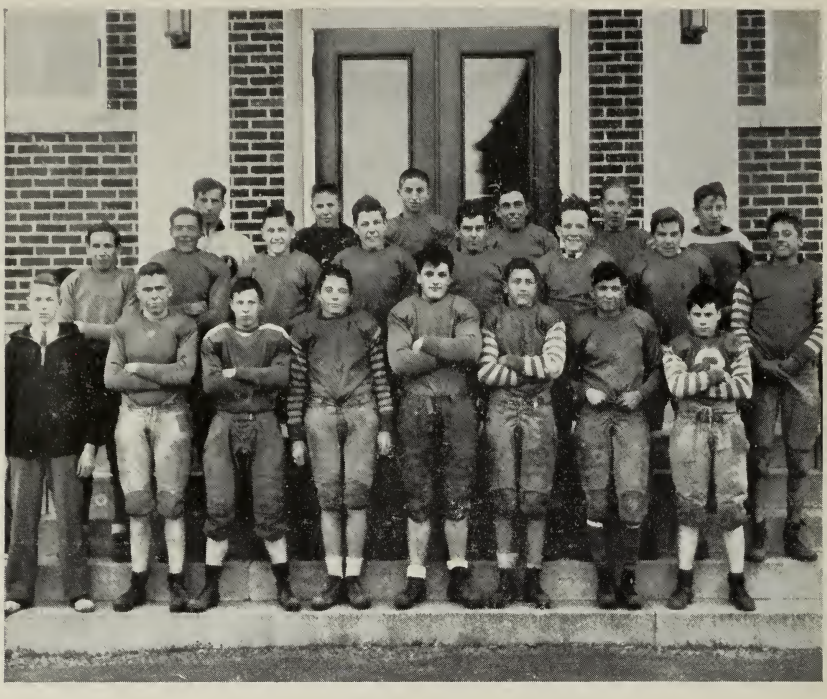
* * * *

Not So Good

Head Clerk: " I am very sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place?"

Manager: "Very much, if you can get the undertaker to arrange it."


FOOTBALL FOLLIES 1936
Bert
Potatoes
Our Coach
Angie
Mouse
Whitey
Chick
Archie
Waishie
Charley
Bud
Moonie
Chet Sexton "38"



FOOTBALL TEAM

BASKETBALL

The Scituate High School basketball team sprang to a new position in the interest of the team's followers this year. The team set a record which has been unparalleled for many years, with 11 victories and 2 losses. This splendid record is due to the players' ability and spirit, combined with Coach Stewart's skill in developing a most aggressive team.

From the scores, one can readily see that it took a good team, in excellent condition, to down Scituate's quintet. The two defeats suffered by the Scituate team were both at the hands of the powerful Hanover five. These two defeats set Scituate into second place in the newly-organized South Shore League. The Scituate team then went to still greater heights in the annual Brockton Y. M. C. A. Tournament by defeating Foxboro, Hanover, and East Bridgewater. These feats put Scituate into the finals, and although they lost to Provincetown, they displayed the courage and fight characteristic of all Scituate teams.

The letter-men were Captain J. Steverman, Manager T. Ewell, G. Dwyer (Captain-elect), R. Ewell, J. Fitzpatrick, L. Gates, A. MacAlpine, J. White.

The scores were as follows:

*Scituate 32—Alumni 25	Scituate 36—Duxbury 21
*Scituate 17—Marshfield 15	Scituate 31—Marshfield 20
*Scituate 18—Norwell 10	*Scituate 45—Kingston 12
Scituate 23—Kingston 9	Scituate 27—Hanover 41
*Scituate 28—Pembroke 22	Scituate 45—Duxbury 17
*Scituate 18—Hanover 20	*Scituate 25—Pembroke 15

Scituate 31—Norwell 25

*Home Games

BASKETBALL TEAM

BASEBALL

The outlook for the 1937 baseball team is exceptionally good, with the return of six lettermen and the addition of many new recruits. Under the able tutelage of Coach Stewart, a team should be developed which will surpass all existing records. John White and Lawrence Gates were elected co-captains.

The schedule is as follows:

Scituate vs. Cohasset, April 30	Scituate vs. Kingston, May 21
*Scituate vs. Marshfield, May 7	Scituate vs. Pembroke, May 25
*Scituate vs. Hanover, May 14	*Scituate vs. Norwell, May 28

Scituate vs. Duxbury, June 4

*Home Games

TENNIS

The boys' tennis team, under the able guidance of Mr. Calkin, has reached a new level, and this year promises a still better team than that of last year. With the fine facilities Scituate has for carrying on this sport, and with its fine following, tennis is expected to be accepted as one of our major sports in future years.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

VIRGINIA YOUNG, '37

The girls' teams of Scituate High are having more competition in the various fields of sports than in previous years, due to the fact that girls' athletics are becoming more popular in schools today. This was easy to see when hundreds of girls representing schools that are members of the Boston Field Hockey Association went to Newton to be coached by the famed Irish Hockey Team. Our school was represented by five of its players, and the girls received many fine points of technique which were demonstrated by these skilled players.

The Scituate High Hockey Team won a cup donated by the American Legion at the Armistice Tri-Town Celebration by defeating Hanover on their field. Next year this game will be played on Scituate's field. The prospects for next year's team are better than ever with eight of the same first team players coming back, and the vacancies to be filled by members of the second team. The team is to be led by a very able player, Captain Peggy Crowley.

The team defeated Hanover twice by the scores of 3-1 and 2-0, defeated Marshfield 2-0 and tied 0-0, defeated the Alumni 1-0, defeated Plymouth 2-0 and lost to Plymouth 1-0, defeated Braintree 3-1, tied Hingham 2-2 and lost after a hard game 1-0 to them.

The girls receiving letters were Captain Virginia Young, Manager Margaret Huntley, Peggy Soule, Elizabeth Damon, Peggy Crowley, Mary Patterson, Louise Chessia, Barbara Burrows, Helen Manning, Pauline Shone, Joan Breen, and Virginia Zucker.

This year a trophy was to be given to the winning team of the basketball league. To keep it permanently, it must be won by the same team for three years. The girls' basketball team were very successful this season and were declared co-champions with Pembroke by the league officials, as each team had won ten games and lost two. This decision means that each team has a leg on the cup and is credited as having won the title.

The girls had to play especially hard to win in many cases and so for their laborious work were given silver basketballs as a reward. The girls receiving these were Captain Virginia Young, Manager Elizabeth Damon, Peggy Soule, Mary Cahir, Virginia Zucker, Mary Patterson, Pauline Shone, Joan Breen, Peggy Crowley, Barbara Burrows, and Marie Wilder.

Joan Breen was elected captain of next year's team.

Dorothy Hardcastle was elected manager of the girls' tennis team, and she is to arrange a larger schedule than usual. Letters are to be given this year because of the increased number of matches. Meets are to be held both here and there with Plymouth, Hingham, Braintree, Weymouth, Whitman, and Winthrop. The girls of last year's team coming back are Rose O'Neil, Peggy Soule, Elizabeth Damon, Esther Spear, and Virginia Young; also there are many new prospects.

We hope to have a track meet within the school this year and eventually to develop a track team to compete with other schools.

Camouflage

Jock and Jake hadn't seen each other for years. One day they met on the street. Jake had a long, thick beard.

"Say, Jake," said Jock, after the greetings were over, "why don't you be in style? I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off."

"Well," answered Jake slowly, "I had a face like yours once, but when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard!"

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

The Water Test

He (twice nicked by razor): "Hey, barber, give me a glass of water."
Barber: "Whassa matter, hair in your mouth?"
He: "No! I just want to see if my neck leaks!"

* * * *

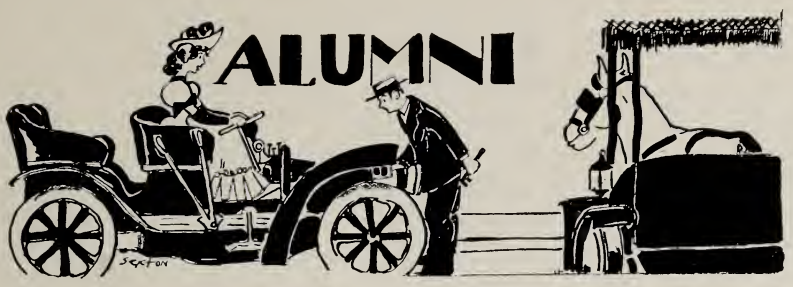
Esther: "You know you remind me of the ocean?"
Fenton: "What? Wild, reckless, and romantic?"
Esther: "No! you make me sick."

* * * *

Policeman: "The horn on your car must be broken."
Chick: "No, just indifferent."
Policeman: "Indifferent? What do you mean?"
Chick: "It just doesn't give a hoot!"

* * * *

Mother: "Did you take your codliver oil this morning?"
Whitey: "Yes, and it didn't taste so bad."
Mother: (suspiciously) "Are you sure you took it?"
Whitey: "Yes. I couldn't find a spoon, so I used a fork."



ALUMNI

MARY SEXTON, '36

CLASS OF 1936

Chase Abbott is attending the Massachusetts Diesel Engineering School.

Gorham Brown is employed by the Farrington Manufacturing Company in West Roxbury.

Regina Byron is taking a year's course at Burroughs Commercial School.

Anne Cahir is assistant librarian at the Allen Memorial Library. She is also taking a course at Hickox Secretarial School.

Roger Damon is employed by his father.

Henry Duval is enrolled at Bridgeton Academy in Maine.

John Dwyer is employed by the Front Street Garage, at the Harbor.

Kathryn Flaherty is taking a course at Higgins Commercial School.

Robert Francis is enrolled at Lawrence Academy in Groton.

Helen Geracos is spending the winter in New Jersey.

James Hands is attending the New England Aircraft School.

Dorothy Herbert has entered the Sunnyside Hospital, Somerville, to train for a nurse.

Miriam Smith is attending Bryant & Stratton.

Virginia Kent is attending the "House in the Pines," a finishing school, in Norton.

Richard MacDonald recently resumed his studies at Northeastern after a long illness.

Marion Macomber is taking a course in hairdressing in Newton.

Catherine Riani is employed by the Boston "Herald."

Mary Sexton is employed as secretary to Principal Frederick A. Calkin of the Scituate High School.

CLASS OF 1935

Julia Fitts is taking a course at Bryant & Stratton.

Dorothy Clapp is in training at the Stamford Hospital in Connecticut.

We understand that she ranks high in her class in scholastic ability.

Donald Bangs is a Coast Guard at the Scituate Post. We hear that during the flood Donald did remarkable work.

Florence Wheeler is now Mrs. Herbert Nichols.

Betty Bartington is teaching at a kindergarten in Hingham.

Rosalie Creelman is enrolled as a sophomore at Wellesley.

Lois Dolan is employed at the Seaverns Drug Store at the Harbor.

Alden Finnie has a position at Whittaker's Garage.

Horace Fishwick is working at Longwood Towers, and is studying voice.

Joseph McLean is taking a course in forestry at Iowa State University.

Jane Pitkin is enrolled as a sophomore at Smith College.

Ruth Powers is taking an evening course at Bryant & Stratton.

Katherine Shea is attending a hairdressing school in Boston.

Alice Stewart and Margaret Enos are enrolled as sophomores at Boston University.

Jackie Stone and Evelyn Stonefield commute daily to Burroughs Commercial School.

CLASS OF 1934

Lorraine Abbott is secretary to George Paul.

Elizabeth Eason is attending Portia Law School.

Lester Gates is a junior at Brown University.

Gertrude Reynolds is a sophomore at B. U. School of Music.

June Hendrickson and Marion Yenetchi commute daily to Bryant & Stratton.

Ronald Shone is attending M. I. T.

Ruth Spear is employed by the Wayne Pump Company of Boston.

Carol Vollmer is a junior at State Teachers' College, Bridgewater.

Virginia Vines is attending the Sargent School of Physical Education. She is now in her second year and recently was the umpire for one of our school games.

CLASS OF 1933

Charles Schultz is still working for his father.

Eugene MacDonald is a salesman for a vacuum company in Boston.

Marguerite McCaffrey is enrolled as a senior at Simmons College.

Mary Sweeney is in her senior year at the Sargent School of Physical Education. She has refereed most of our basketball games during the past season.

CLASS OF 1929

Paul Spencer, who graduated from Scituate High in 1929, has registered in the entering class at Northeastern University School of Law. Paul has just received his B.S. degree from Northeastern University School of Business Administration.

EXCHANGES

MARY CAHIR, '37

The "Chimes" wishes to acknowledge the seven exchanges received this year. We are very grateful to these schools for their magazines, and have found each one a clever publication.

The copy of the "Abhis" which we received from Abington High School is the dedication issue. The "Letters From Prominent Alumni" is a unique idea. From one of these letters we learned how the "Abhis" got its name.

Two issues of the "Wampatuck," the Braintree High School publication, were received—the Saint Valentine and Easter issues. This well-balanced magazine is good evidence that Braintree High has a number of superior poets.

We are pleased to add to our list of exchanges the Brookline High School weekly, the "Sagamore." This is a well-written newspaper publication, but the humorists, I think, deserve particular recognition.

The "Partridge" from Duxbury High School is a fine magazine that contains, for the most part, school notes. The department "Wise and Otherwise" is especially commendable.

The Hanover High School publication, the "Hanoverian," is a yearly production. It is a unique magazine because of its variety. The article "Faculty Off Parade" is an ingenious one. The many pictures, as well as the reports of the various clubs, are a great addition to the interest of the magazine.

The "Lasell News" from Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Massachusetts, is another newspaper-type production. It is composed mostly of reports of the current events of the school, which are written up in a pleasing style.

The "Eastoner" is the publication of the Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Massachusetts. The whole editorial staff deserve credit for their success in publishing a most enjoyable magazine. It has many original columns, and the editorials are especially well-written.

We have enjoyed reading these publications immensely, and hope that they will enjoy our book, the "Chimes" as much. We extend to all of these schools our sincerest wishes for continued successes in future publications.

* * * *

Plain Logic

MacAlpine, upon entering a saddler's, asked for a single spur.

What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Billy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go, the other one will hae to come wi' it."

JOKES

ROBERT BRAND, '39

Unscrupulous Nature

"You're very interested in that stuffed bird," said the ornithologist.

"Yes," said the aviation expert. "I think its stearing gear infringes on one of my patents."

* * * *

Barber: "Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut?"

Small boy: "If you please, sir, just like father's, and don't forget the round hole at the top where the head comes through."

* * * *

Mr. Gillespie: "What is the meaning of one twenty-fifth?"

Elkind: "I don't remember."

Mr Gillespie: "If you had twenty-five friends visiting you and only one apple, what would you do?"

Elkind: "I'd wait till they had gone home, then eat it myself."

* * * *

Peg: "If you had your choice of all the great lovers of the screen. which would you prefer?"

Rose: "The one who could get here quickest."

* * * *

Nichols: "I am very fond of birds. Yesterday one actually settled on my head."

Stewart: "It must have been a woodpecker."

* * * *

Jane: "Is Fred mean?"

Bob: "Mean, why he is so mean that if he were a ghost he wouldn't give you a fright."

* * * *

Miss Harrington: "You know you must not laugh in the classroom."

Chester: "I know Miss Harrington, but I was only smiling and the smile burst."

WOULDN'T IT BE AMUSING IF—

JEAN HENDRICKSON, '40

Sorensen were Flower instead of Bud?
Virginia were O'Rise instead of O'Neil?
Fallon were Nail instead of Peg?
Eddie were Dimes instead of Nichols?
Virginia were Old instead of Young?
McAlpine were Gym instead of Art?
O'Neil were Buttercup instead of Rose?
Gates were Peacock instead of Chicken?
Miriam were Grocer instead of Baker?
Arthur were Happy instead of Cross?
Marie were Tamer instead of Wilder?
Fred were Swim instead of Wade?
Bobbie were Fisher instead of Hunter?
Doris were "Cowboy" instead of "Indian"?
Phil were Strongs instead of Weeks?
Mecca were Doors instead of Gates?
John were Pinkie instead of Whitie?
Jessie were Swan instead of Drake?
Whittaker were Dash instead of Dot?
Jane were Valley instead of Hill?
Arnold were Massachusetts instead of Virginia?
Howard were Shout instead of Clapp?
Patterson were Pickle instead of Olive?
Guerney were Faith instead of Hope?
Helen were Germany instead of Poland?
Charlotte were Roller instead of Turner?
Ernest were Window instead of Dorr?
Queeney were Liver instead of Hart?

* * * *

Old Lady to Sailor: "Excuse me, but do those tattoo marks on your arms wash off?"

Old Sailor: "I can't say, Lady."

* * * *

Mr. Calkin: "Now, I want to see your homework."

Secor: "Sorry, but my sister couldn't do it."

* * * *

Appleton: "How much gas have you got?"

Rose: "The indicator says, 'half,' but I don't knew whether it means half-full or half-empty."

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